Feeding Your Horse

(Continued from last Friday.)

A larger quantity of poor hay will not make up for usual feed of good hay. Poor hay is dear at any price.

Stock foods should never be fed unless the contents of each package is plainly printed thereon.

Do not change diet too suddenly and do not feed hay too soon after grain feed. Do not feed as heavy on Sunday and resting days as when working. Do not feed extra quantity because you have a hard day's work or a long journey. Do not feed too soon after work. Rest before eating prevents indigestion, colic, etc.

Feed ample time before working; a horse should have a little time before and after feeding, it prevents stomach troubles. Never water for an hour or two after feeding.

Do not feed out of a nose-bag, it does not pay. It is safe to figure a loss of 20 per cent. per year from the value of your horse when you feed from a nose-bag. Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heaves are the result.

When horses are made to undergo an unusual strain for a few days, they should be fed with light food, and when rest is secured heavier foods may be given.

The horses will get more benefit from their rest at noon if the harness is removed as soon as they get to the stable.

Horses sometimes crave straw and will eat it from their bedding. Many times this is considered a depraved appetite. Of course, straw contains little if any nourishment, but it helps digestion, especially when horses have a steady and heavy grain feed.

When sick, special care should be exercised in furnishing easily digested food. Mashes, gruel and soft foods; milk and eggs, can often be fed to advantage and food should never be allowed to lie before a sick animal until spoiled. For instance:—mashes or gruels, or other soft food when not quickly eaten hould be removed so that they will not become sour or stale and it is better to give food in sickness often and in smaller quantities.

Dr. A. C. Daniels

(Continued next Friday.)

THE WIFELESS BEETHOVEN.

Some Reasons for Thinking It Well He Didn't Get Married.

As everyone is well aware, the eminent German music master, Ludwig von Beethovan, lived and died a bachelor. The fact, indeed, could scarcely escape the most inattentive for both the matrimaniacs and the matrimoniaphobes, the worshippers of the connubial state and its fierce critics and opponents, are constantly hailing poor old Ludwig into court to serve as witness, defendant, or horrible example. Among the matrimaniacs his peevishness, his appalling table manners and his penury are ascribed to his celibate life, while the matrimoniaphobes are just as sure that the world owes his nine superb symphonies to the fact that he had no mother-in-law.

Recently one of Beethoven's letters, long buried in some ancient chest, was unearthed in London, and its contents have set both parties by the ears and renewed their savage disputation. The letter was obviously addressed to an intimate friend, for in it the great composer speaks freely of his domestic tribulations. "Oh, this horrible fourth-floor room!" says he. "Ach, Gott! What is housekeeping without a wife! My property is never safe! Every passing stranger steals something from me! How can I write music and watch the herring barrel?"

What pathos in these simple words! Here was the greatest musician of all time tortured by the mighty surge of the ideas within him, planning masterpieces, pressed for time—and yet he had to keep one eye on his spoons! When he arose from his desk, exhausted by some unprecedented feat of orchestration, stunned by some overpowering inspiration, and sought a slab of pumper-nickel to refresh himself, no pumper-nickel was there! Thieves raided his collars and cuffs, selling the rubber and celluloid to junkmen. Servants gambled away his groceries and his lingerie, and their innumerable cousins fed at his table. He bought rations for an army corps and dined himself like a shipwrecked sailor.

No wonder he cried aloud for help! No wonder his thoughts turned to matrimony! But does it follow that a wife would have made his life a glad, sweet song and doubled his sum of incomparable achievement? We rather doubt it. His concept of a helpmate, it appears plainly from his letter, was not unlike the average man's concept of a gendarme. He saw her as an armed guard, a vigilant sentinel, a beskirted incarnation of the police power, armed to the teeth and giving no quarter. He heard her hoarse battlecry, the roar of her artillery. He heard the ambulance rattling up to cart away her victims.

Had Beethovan married, with such a picture of a wife in his mind, he would have chosen, it is plain, some inhuman Amazon, with the physique of a Sharand the truculence of the Jesse James wife, of course, would have rid his household of its thieves and spies, but one fears that her activity would not have ended there. It is far from difficult, indeed, to conjure up a vision of appalling combats at the Beethovan hearth, painful in themselves and of vast cost to posterity, with Ludwig diving under the bed to save his neck and that military wife of his heaving the manuscript of the choral symphony into the fire.

ASTONISHING ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Interesting Words Found When Turning Pages Over at Random.

An amusing study of the dictionary may be made by one frivolous enough to enjoy finding out how little he knows. Let one flip the pages open at random and see whether the first word in the top margin is familiar. A slight examination of the new revised Webster the other day discovered first off the euphonious "gibberosity," perhaps a significant introduction to a word book of 2700 pages. The next flop turned up "karat tree"—who knows what that is? And why would it not be better to spell it after the homelier rule of the vegetable world rather than aping the airs of the mineral kingdom? It may prove under any guise a gold brick after all. "Gyracanthus" comes next—are there no plain English words in the dictionary? Oh, yes, "swan maiden" comes in time to remind us what the hospitality of a modern dictionary really is, not disdaining the friends of our fairy tale days nor yet the myths of more advanced lessons. "Meliority" is next, as a promising word, and "United States magazine rifle" tries to get attention by flaunting itself in governmental pomp, but one hurries on to the more mysterious "syndactilia," referred instinctively to rules of prosody till one reads that it is something to do with a kingfisher's fingers. "Galton whistle" and "goodyish" both sound rather unremunerative, but "sufference wharf" one applies easily to the custom houses. "Proparoxytone"—one jumps to chemistry surely this time—but no, it has something to do with the antepenultimate syllable.

"Hollow" and "circumscribed" coming in succession lighten one's growing sense of linguistic deficiency. If one were able to use all these sonorous syllables there would be no time really to get ahead with what one had to say. They are as sounding brass and do not swinge off into a boundless world of thought with half the uncircumscribed swiftness of the trig little Saxon words. "Epiphenomenon," "transregionate"—who would use these lumbering locutions to describe a walk in the country, though one transregionated among never so many superimposed phenomena of nature.

"Bakoun" next appearing, sends one not to strange geographical parts as one might guess off-hand, but to the friendly fry of the breakfast table. Passing thither one notes backheel, with a picture of wrestlers to boot; that is, barefoot they illustrate the trick. "Squeaker"—soberly enough defined as one who squeaks, sends one to the verb, to learn that its meaning, to "peach" or "tell on" some one, though carefully labeled slang, has a citation from Dryden to stand sponsor for it. "Friskful" comes up at the next throw, and the eye catches incidentally a tiny cut of an elegant personage in a "frock" coat. Next "razorback" hints at a member of the porcine race, but one learns that its first definition is "roqual." Looking this up one finds the quarry is a whale, and a "whalebone whale" at that. Truly was the dictionary written for a joke? Was ever a whale without bones, and, if so, were they anybody's bones but his own? for Jonah's were not put in permanently, we remember. Altogether, even such a brief study convinces one that there are more things in the dictionary than were ever dreamed of in any one man's wildest fancy.—Christian Science Monitor.

POCKET MONEY OF MONARCHS.

Louis XVI Faithfully Set Down Incomings and Outgoing sof Private Purse.

The whole world has smiled or sighed over the extraordinary diary in which Louis XVI entered day after day what seemed to him best worth recording and remembering. After a day's good sport in the Versailles woods he set down the number of birds or beasts he had killed. On days when he abstained from hunting there is only a laconic and significant "nothing," and in October, 1789 when the Paris mob raged round the Palace of Versailles his majesty chronicles the fact that he has "two twenty-one pieces," and adds serenely "interrupted by events."

That diary, though it will be long before it ceases to interest, does no longer excite curiosity. Meanwhile another and a more intimate private journal kept by Louis XVI has come to light and has just made its appearance in a luxurious volume. It is edited by the Comte de Beauchamp, "after the king's autograph manuscript, preserved at the National archives," and contains the accounts of the king's private expenses from 1772 to 1784 and of the pensions and "gratifications" he gave from 1776 to 1792, all of which he entered in a neatly kept ledger with his own hands.

In order to fully appreciate the significance of these entries it must be remembered that at Versailles alone some 600 persons were attached to the king's household and that an equal number made up the queen's particular court. The payment of all these was of course delegated to certain functionaries, and there is no mention of them in those newly published accounts.

The incomings and outgoings of his private purse are faithfully set down. Thus one day he writes:: "Gained 901. at the lottery," or "Given 15,0001. to the queen for M. d'Esterhazy," or "Lost 12,-8741. 12s. at cards," "Given 12,0001. to the queen." That his majesty was a kindly man, given to the dispensation of alms, appears from entries such as these: "To old By, aged 82, 2001." "To the girl Fournet, on her marriage, 2001." "To Meroux, gamekeeper who has lost his cows, 2601."

So far there is no mystification concerning the entries. But what about the following items in the account book of the monarch who had 600 servitors whose duty it was to stand between him and all the petty tasks and trials of daily life? "For a lb. of pepper, 41." "Silver plate brushes, 1 lb. of soap, tip to carpenter, 21. 10s." "Water for baths, 31." For boots, 36L." And again, these even more incomprehensible entries: "Sheeps' trotters, 11. 18c." "A bottle of red wine, 151." "A dozen herings, 31."

How was it that Louis XVI, paying an army of coureurs de vins, cooks, housekeepers, cleaners etc., paid privately for bags of pepper and bottles of wine, to say nothing of sheeps trotters? And why, with the unrivaled gardens attached to the royal residences and with all the fruit of Provence at his service, did he pay 12l. "for 100 apricots for marmalade"? Or was it that his majesty on the quiet played at housekeeping a la bourgeois, just as he played openly at being a locksmith?

PURE AIR IN AUDITORIUMS.

Few Places For General Assemblage Are Hygienically Ventilated.

An exchange calls attention to the fact that while sermons were being preached on tuberculosis in its baliwick the churches themselves were filled with impure air and other phases of the white plague. There is a trouble that the tuberculosis people will have to fight—crowded, ill-aired halls and churches. The trouble is that the means for ventilation are not provided.

Opening a window or a door in most cases is objectionable. It creates a draft and starts a cold, which brings discomfort if not disaster. It would be interesting to see the statistics, to know which was the more fatal—drafts or tuberculosis. There are few places for general assemblage that are hygienically ventilated.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

THE TURNER PRINTS.

Important Addition To Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

An important addition to the prints of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has been made in memory of Charles Eliot Norton by his nephew, Francis Bullard. It is a set of "touched proofs" and selected early impressions of the line engravings after water colors by Turner, the engravings made and corrected under his own supervision. The sketches are of picturesque England and Wales.

Turner roamed the country over in quest of picturesque scenery. Thousands upon thousands of sketches now housed in the National Gallery speak of his indefatigable energy in gathering actual facts of nature. Once possessed of these data, Turner recreated the scenery of England, changing, shifting, magnifying, eliminating. In this transformation even the commonplace is invested with a grandeur and picturesque poetry which weaves its spell about the beholder and explains the enthusiasm of the Turner collector. For purposes of publication these water color sketches with their glowing hues had to be translated by engravers into values of black and white. It would have ill accorded with Turner's character had he left these engravers to their own devices in interpreting his designs. Each plate was followed closely step by step; no detail too minute for the painstaking artist. Concise and strict were his marginal directions to the engravers, as proof after proof was submitted to his inspection, until the exacting master was finally content to send to the press these plates which stand alone among landscape engravings.

Strictly speaking, we should call the process used in these plates engraver-etching, since the acid process is so very predominant that it leaves little to the graver. They are etchings in the manner of engraving done with such amazing technical skill that only a most careful scrutiny reveals the almost entire substitution of acid for the arduous burin work.

The importance of possessing this, Turner's "central and most ambitious work in black and white," in standard impressions cannot he too strongly emphasized.

RELIC OF BATTLE.

Very Interesting Book—Memento of Battle Trafalgar.

Among a quantity of books catalogued for a sale at Sothby's, in London, recently was a very interesting memento of the battle of Trafalgar. It consisted of two volumes, bound in rough half calf, which were not sold, being withdrawn before the sale took place. These two interesting volumes contain the original record of the prize money for the several French and Spanish vessels captured during the engagement. In the volume containing the grants for those who served on board the Victory the following entry occurred: "Lord Nelson, $18,517.12.6; Lords Collingwood and Northesk, Sir Thomas Louis, and Sir John Knight, £4629.8.4 each." Nothing is said as to the destination of these two books, but it will cause no surprise if it is reported that they will shortly be seen among the other interesting relics on board Lord Nelson's old Flagship, the Victory.

BASE BALL SLANG

Makes For Brevity and Presents Picture In a Word.

The concensus of opinion seems to be that a base ball story in unimpeachable English would be odd enough to be interesting, but that as a steady diet it would soon pall upon the "fans," who have become accustomed to that slang which is so distinctively a part of the atmosphere of the game. It conveys more to their minds to say that the man at the plate slapped the pellet for four bags than gravely to announce that the batter knocked a ball which enabled him to score a home run. The "bunt" and the "bush-leaguer" have become intimately interwoven with the speech of today. The "nicknames" of the teams have practically superseded the names of the towns whose tags they bear, and lend life and color to the descriptive story. This so-called slang, when it is spontaneous, makes for brevity. It presents a picture in a word.—Augusta Herald.

THE NONSENSE MAN.

Edward Lear, Writer of Nonsense Rhymes, Prince of Punsters.

Edward Lear of the nonsense rhymes is a comrade to every childly heart, whether it beat under a pinafore or beneath the harness of grown-up attire. A correspondent of the London Spectator writes of this prince of punsters, as he was seen at Bombay, saying: "I took a walk with him one day. He asked me the name of some trees. I told him they were called "Jambul" trees in India. He immediately produced his sketchbook, and in his inimitable style drew a bull looking into a jam-pot. He said it would help him to remember the name. He was a most delightful companion, and was making sketches of Indian scenes for Lord Northbrook, governor-general. It was on this visit that he wrote "The Cummerbund," those delightful lines well known to all Anglo-Indians.

THE REAL AMERICAN BIRD.

The Turkey Is a Foreigner Everywhere But In America.

The turkey rather than the eagle, is the real American bird. Eagles are found all over the world, but the turkey is a foreigner everywhere else, except in America, his native home. The wild turkey of America is the progenitor of all the turkeys in the world. In North America, Mexico, and Honduras the turkey was found in great numbers by the white men, but in South America the bird is unknown. Learned men are agreed that the turkey resides outside of this continent only as an immigrant, and that his native home must be sought somewhere north of the isthmus of Panama.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Brazilian government is considering a plan for colonizing some of its public lands with Indians and furnishing them with agricultural implements to work it with.